

431 THE 20th
Northern ATALANTIS:
OR,
YORK SPY.

· DISPLAYING

The Secret Intrigues and Adventures of
the *Yorkshire* Gentry; more particularly the
AMOURS of *MELISSA*.

WITH

A Description of the Ancient and Famous City
of *YORK*, and what is most Remarkable therein,
viz. The Minster, Round-Tower, Castle, King's
Palace, &c. Also the Celebrated Story of the
FRYAR and the *NUN*, occasion'd by a Piece
of Carv'd Work in the Chapter-House.

The whole Interspers'd with several Diverting Poeti-
cal Amusements, among which is *APPLE-PYE*:
Or, Instructions to *NELLY*, A POEM. Being a
Nice and Perfect Account of the Origin, Progress, Art,
and Method, of that Incomparable Viand. In Imita-
tion of *VIRGIL's Georgicks*. Written by the late
Ingenious Dr. *WILLIAM KING*.

The Second Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N:

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THE
YORK SPY.

IN the cool of the Evening of a bright and glorious Summers Day, to Regale my self after the Toil and Fatigues of a Months Study, I follow'd a private Path, which led to a shady Grove of Trees, whose Tops were gilded with *Sol's* departing Beams, whilst the winged Choirs of Heaven warbled forth their charming Lays upon the verdant Boughs; as soon as I enter'd the Grove, several delightful Mazes allur'd me to embrace their proffer'd Pleasures, and I chose an Avenue on each side Rank'd with Reverend Sublime Oaks, whose Tops form'd a spacious Arch; on the Left hand ran a Rivulet, whose transparent purling Streams gliding over small Pebbles and gentle Falls, delighted with their murmuring Sounds.

This sweet Recess contributed to the deep Contemplation which had seiz'd my Melancholly Soul; many various Ideas crouded my Fancy, till at last by degrees waisting, my tir'd Spirits, they disarm'd 'em of their pristine Vigour, which with the Sweet amusement of the Walk, the charming Sonata's of the purling Streams, and the melodious Chanting of the Ætherias Choristers, lull'd my pleas'd Senses, and inclin'd me to a soft and downy rest: No sooner had *Morpheus* lock'd me in his Soporiferous Embraces, before all the former Ideas display'd themselves again; my Soul was free to wander and inform it self by Ocular Demonstration, of all the Doubts and Queries which before were fatigueing: But I was immediately disturb'd by a Pack of Dogs, and a Squadron of lubarly Country Carles, that past me in a full Carreer after Mrs. *Evans*. I'd no sooner rubb'd my Eyes, but an old Schoolfellow advanc'd towards me trick'd up in as much Gaity, as a young Country Justice at a Quarter Sessions; after we had mutually dispatch'd our *Ingenii Crepitus*, he gave me an invitation to York, which I accepted, and we parted. As soon as I got home, I packt up Bag and Baggage, in the Morning pursu'd my Journey, and the next Day, about Four in the Afternoon, enter'd the City with as much Wonder and Amazement, as a *Torkshire Tyke* wou'd the Theatre i'th' *Hay-Market*, or a *Puritan* the *Scotch Baudy-house* upon the *Thames*. I'd no sooner ingress'd the Suburbs, before an old
Fellow

Fellow in a Green Coat, Twisted Wig, and broad Lac'd Hat, with a Badge upon his Arm, and a long Staff in his Hand, saluted me with an O yes! O yes! if any Man, Woman, Knave, Fool, Conjuror, or Coachman, can bring any Tale or Tidings of a Company of Mad Attorneys, bewitch'd Merchants, and ratling Vintners, that were last Night upon the Rake, and broke into my L—d M—rs House, ty'd him Neck and Heels, Debauch'd his D——er, and ran away with the M——ce, he shall have as much for his Reward, as the Dukes of *Burgundy*, *Berry* and *Bermick* have got for their Honour, to be pay'd 'em out of the Treasure *Lewis's* late Fleet and Army took at *Glasgow*, in their Expedition to *Scotland*. Just as his Tongue ceas'd, which was as loud as the *Temple* Horn that summons the Cuckold-makers to their Commons; before the Rabble was dispers'd, a Horse-Mountebank stumbled along upon his Hide-bound Prancer, who finding so glorious an opportunity to hold forth to a Congregation already Assembled, clapt his Clanking Irons to his Founder'd Pegafus, and forc'd him into the Center of the Croud; produc'd a Packet of universal Hodg-Podg, and thus commenc'd his Harangue to the attentive Herd.

Gentlemen and Ladies, you that have a mind to preserve your own and your Families Health, may here, at the Expence of a Twopenny piece, furnish your selves with a Parcel, which contains several Things of great Use, and wonderful Operation in Human Bodies, against all Distempers whatsoever.

In

In the first place, good People, I present you with my Cordial Pills, being the Tincture of the Sun, having Dominion from the same Light, giving Relief and Comfort to all Mankind; They cause all Complexions to Laugh or Smile in the very Time of taking 'em; they operate Seven several ways in order, 1st, by Sleep; 2dly, by little breathing Sweats; 3dly, by Wind downwards; 4thly, by Stool; 5thly, by Urine; 6thly, by clearing the Spirits; 7thly, by strengthening the whole Body in the very Time of taking. They presently Cure all Dizziness, Swimmings, Dulness in the Head, and Scurvy.

In the next place, my Friends, I recommend to you my incomparable outward Application, call'd a Balsam, which heals all Sores, Cuts, Ulcers new or old; 'tis good for Burns, Scalds, Swellings, Bruises, Strains, Aches, Weakness in the Joynts and Limbs, &c. It cures the Kings Evil, Sore Breasts, and Scal'd-Heads; and it is taken inwardly for a Cough, Consumption, Short Breath, Weakness of the Back, or for any inward hurt.

The next unparallel'd Medicine contain'd in this my Twopenny Packet, is an admirable Electuary celebrated through all *England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick upon Tweed*: It Cures all curable Diseases, by very easie and gentle Purging, it causes an Appetite, helps all Distempers of the Eyes, Face, Swell'd Lips, and opens the stoppage of the Liver and Spleen;

it infallibly takes away the Dropsie, Black or Yellow Jaundice: It expels all Vapours from the Head, Stomach, Bowels and Womb. It kills all sorts of Worms, and cleanses the Guts of all slimy, sharp Humours: It helps Stoppages and Sharpness of Urine, Heat and Gravel of the Kidney, and fortifies the Stomach against all Infections, unwholesom Damps, and malignant Effluvia's, that arise from Putrid Bodies, and the like.

The next I present you with, is my Specifick, which certainly cures all *Agues*, not suffering the Patient to have one Fit after the Cure is commenc'd.

The next Medicine is my Red Plaister, which radically Cures the most Inveterate *Rheumatism* and *Gout*, in a few Days time.

The last and most useful Medicine prepar'd throughout the whole World, is this my *Pulvis Catharticus*, its Virtues are such, it will, equally with the Unicorn's horn, expel the rankett Poyson; 'tis a perfect, safe, and speedy Cure, for all Venereal Maladies, of what Degree soever, and Fortifies the Heart against all Fainting.

I do assure you Country Folk, these Medicines are as good, as any Physician in the Kingdom can prepare, or Patient take; was I not confirm'd by manifold Experiments that they would actually perform what I mention, it would be Mad Presumption in me, to recommend 'em to you; I shall give no farther Encouragement of my Medicines, but leave you that have

have purchased 'em, to prove their Excellency, and then you'll soon find your Expectations answer'd.

This piece of Impudence and Preposterous Lies, jumbled into a Senseless Cant, so tickl'd the Ears of the Thoughtless Multitude, that they began to be as free of their Pence, as a Prostitute is of her Flesh, or a Canting Spintext of his Sighs and Groans; and 'twas as much as ever he cou'd do, to deliver out his Physick fast enough, till at last, the Mob being broke of their Money, the Quack canter'd away on Horse-back with his Pockets full of Pence, while his Patients trudg'd home on Foot, with their Pockets loaden with Pacquets.

Jogging along the Street, I heard shrill Voices Eccho'd at a Distance, and seem'd by the sound to draw nearer and nearer; coming over against an old Antiquated Building, I stood listening as attentively as a Chambermaid to the Blandishments of her Master's Valet, or a Mercer's Daughter to the Harpsicord touch'd by her Father's Apprentice, and a whole Troop of Females appear'd at the Windows. Drawing a little nearer, I perceiv'd several very handsome and well featur'd; but the brightest Star in that Orb, threw from her engaging Eyes such merciful Looks upon every admiring Mortal, so far from Pride and Contempt, she seem'd desirous to be with us; at last, cry'd out, O that I had never known this Lewd Nunnery, this Seminary of all Debaucheries! O that my Mother shou'd be so
much

much overseen and infatuated, to enter me in the D — l's College, to learn the way to Paradise! Alas! alas! that ever I was born to come to this Dismal place, said she, weeping and wringing her Hands. Then another began, O my Doating Old Father, who in the Spring-tide of my Youth and blooming Beauty, to save my Chastity, by keeping me from my Lover's Arms, who tender'd my Honour more than his own Life, thrust me into this School of Iniquity, and left me to the Temptations of Lustful Priests; The Old Beldam, to whose protection our Virginities are committed, the better to deceive our jealous Confessors, who have always Spies, lest we should by lighting a strange Taper, set their Touchwood on fire, will suffer young Gallants, with *Indian* Ingots, to Charge through our Guard, and Conduct 'em through the intricate Mazes, to shew 'em were the best Virgin Pullet Roosted.

By this time I was come to an Inn, where I resolv'd to take up my Quarters: I'd no sooner enter'd the House, and call'd for, a Pint of Sir *John Barlycorn's* best *Stingo*, and a Penny-worth of *Sots-weed*, but Mother *Squeekham*, as tall as the Maypole at *Clifton*, in a high Crown'd Hat as tall as *St. Peters*, began to Tune up her Pipes before the Window, where I sat filling my puffing Engine, and the People at the first Blast scamper'd out of their Houses and Shops as naturally, as *Monfieur Misson* tells us the Dogs in *Italy* ran out of the Church,

so soon as ever they see the *Capuchin* mount the Pulpit; her Voice, which seem'd to me to resemble the Note of a Jack-wheel, or the Whetting of a Saw, tickl'd the Ears of the fickle Mobility, and was as grateful to 'em, as a Rich Cully to a Town Jilt, or a Fat Living to a Thread-bare Parson.

I call'd my Landlady, and order'd a couple of Fowls for my Supper, that after I had Regail'd my tir'd Vitals with a dainty Modicum, I might retire to my Repose; as the Boy brought up the Dish, in bolted two Brawny Clodpates, with a diminutive Animal of a Fidler, and a Wench, a Broad-Faced, Flat-Headed, Saddle-Nos'd Dowdy, blind of one Eye, and the other almost out, Dancing before 'em; they seiz'd one of the Birds immediately, and swallow'd it up in less Time, than a Regiment of *Gascoons* cou'd a Porringer of Pottage, or a Pack of hungry Hounds a Pound of Carrion. After those lowfy Hobnails had wash'd the Dust off their Tongues, with a plentiful Dose of reviving Nectar, they were as brisk as a Town Rake, that had shaken off Poverty, or a Court Libertine his old Mistress; Their pleasant Comical Hoity-Toyties, their unpolish'd Behaviour, Apish Gestures, and Rural Nonsense, afforded me as much Mirth, as a *London* Prentice finds at *Sadler's Wells*, or a Merchants Daughter amongst a Gang of Strolling Comedians; yet *Will Winker* hit me such a Damn'd bang, I was forc'd to think of Bed, tho' with as much Indifferency, as a
Bride

Bride of the Church-Catechism, or a Canting Spin-Text, of Truth and Common-Prayer. Accordingly, I call'd for the Maid, who conducted me into an old gambling Cock loft, which stunk as bad as a Carriers Shop, or an House of Office when the Gold-finders are emptying it, and, by various signs, seem'd to have been, since King *James's* Abdication, a Repository for chopt Straw; My Bed consisted of four rough-hewn Boards laid upon two uneven Trossels, a Flock-Bed, in substance not half so good as a Quilt, full of Knobs and Bunches, which might have been taken for Stones, had they not peep'd through many a hole, and shewn themselves to be of Wool; The Sheets might rather seem to be of Leather than Linnen Cloth, and you might have told every individual Thread of the Coverlet.

Next Morning, after I'd excus'd *Somnus's* ponderous Plummets from my drowsy Eye-Lids, I heard the Clock strike Nine, and judging it high Time to make my Resurrection; accordingly I rous'd from Sluggard's Paradise, and after I'd equipp'd my self, I abandon'd my Snoaring Kennel, and descended the Grades, in order to fortify my Appetite against the contagious Breaths of Butchers, Skips, and Coachmen, with a Pint of Canary, a Penny-worth of Bread, and a slice of *Stilton*, which I gobbled up as fast as a Citizen's Punk does a couple of *Stones's* Macroons, when treated by her Stallion. After I had satisfied my Diminutive, Decrepid Hostess, and was bidding adieu to

the Infernal Mansion, in came my Patroon, a Jolly Suck-Bottle, who was unfortunately decoy'd into the wrangling state of Matrimony, and blest over the Left Shoulder, with the Devil of a Termagant, and because he had stay'd with some of his merry Companions beyond the Hour of Ten, and the Patience of his Bundle of Rue, she was highly provok'd at his Transgression; Syring'd his Ears with a Peal of Tongue Thunder, and let fly a whole Volley of Rogues and Rascals at him, wounding his Reputation beyond all patience, taxing him with a neglect of Family Duty; crying, she was positive, nothing, but the Company of Lewd Women, cou'd occasion him to keep such unseasonable Hours. The Neighbouring Petticoats were so much alarm'd at this frightful Storm, that they came running slip shod, with more Expedition, than if it had been to a Labour, and in a Minute, the House was so full of Tittle-tattles of all Ages, as if the God *Priapus* had erected his Standard, and Beat up for Female Voluntiers to Fight under his Banner, all shaking their Heads when, they beheld with sorrowful Eyes, the little Spectacle on Fire, sputtering and boiling with Envy and Malice, as if she had, really been spitting her last Venom; at length my good Landlord having more Wit in his Anger, than to Revenge himself of an Ill-Tongue, quitted the House, and left the Talkative Congregation with his Inquisitive Whither-go-ye.

My Landlady's Banquet.

Twelve sorts of Meat my Wife provides,
And bates me not a Dish:
Of which four Flesh, four Fruit there are,
The other four of Fish.

In the first Course she serves me in,
Four Birds great Dainties are;
The first a *Quail*, the next a *Rail*,
A *Bitter* and a *Jar*.

My Appetite being cloy'd with these,
With Fish she makes it sharp,
And brings me next a *Pout*, a *Lump*,
A *Gudgeon* and a *Carp*.

The Second Course is Fruit well serv'd,
And fitting well the Season;
A *Medlar*, and an *Artichoke*,
A *Crab*, and a small *Reason*.

Who's he that having such a Wife,
Upon her wou'd not Doat?
Who ev'ry Day provides him Fare
That cost him ne'er a Groat?

Steering along the Street, after I'd put a
Letter into the Post-house, I heard a confus'd
humming Noise, and after some little enquiry,
I found it to be nothing else, but a Clamorous
Tribe of Boys under the Discipline of a Lazy
Padagogue, and being out of Curiosity, desi-
rous of seeing this Haberdasher of *Nouns* and
Verbs, I Scal'd the Stairs, and enter'd the
Flogging Edifice, where I saw strutting up
and

and down with a Rod under his Left Arm, and a Battledore in his Right Hand, Mr, *Whipster*, a perfect Skeleton, a meer Shotten-Herring, or like a long slender Cane with a Head upon it, and short Red Hair under his Cap; so that there needs no more to be said to such as know the Proverb, *That neither Cat nor Dog of that Colour are good*: His Eyes almost sunk into his Pole, as if he had look'd through a Prospective-Glass, or the deep Windows of a Linen-Draper's Shop; his Nose turning up, and somewhat flat; his Neck as long as a Crane, with the Gullet sticking out so far, as if't had been compell'd by necessity to start out for sustenance; his Voice was weak and hollow; his Hands full of Freckles, and each Shoe might have serv'd for an ordinary Coffin: In short, he was a Person of few Words; he was the *Superlative Degree* of Ignorance, and the very *ne plus* of Ingenuity and Sense.

Returning back, as soon as I enter'd upon *Ouse Bridge*, the frightful roaring of the Water, and cries of the poor Prisoners so terrified my Ears, I cou'd hear no Voice softer than the audible Organ of a scolding Butter-Wench, or *A—ce At—k—n* the Orange-woman.

Passing along *Ness-Gate*, I was on a sudden furiously assaulted with the warm Hogo of Apple pies, Custards, Cheescakes, Cakes, Wigs, Jellies, Sauages, and Black-Puddings; and turning about, on my Right Hand, I beheld a great Treasury of Past rang'd Mathematically, and built according to the several Orders of
 Archi-

Architecture : The Seed-Cakes appear'd as wrought Images, and the Jelly-Glasses, as so many Pinnacles adorning the Illustrious Fabrick. The Puddings and Sausages represented the Carv'd Work, and the Fustian Operator with his Dough, was as a Bricklayer and a Hod of Mortar; at the Door I found a certain Paper, and under the Head of *Apple-Pye*, a nice and perfect account of the Origin, Progress, Art, and Method, of that incomparable Viand, elegantly digested into Metre, in the following manner:

APPLE-PYE.

OF all the Delicates which Britons try
To please the Palate, and delight the Eye,
Of all the several Kinds of sumptuous Fare,
There's none that can with *Apple-pye* compare,
For costly Flavour, or substantial Paste,
For outward Beauty, or for inward Taste.

When first this infant Dish in Fashion came,
The Ingredients were but coarse, and rude the
As yet unpolish'd in the Modern Arts, (Frame;
Our Fathers eat Brown Bread instead of Tarts:
Pyes were but indigested Lumps of Dough,
Till Time and just Expence improv'd 'em so.

King Col (as Ancient *British* Annals tell)
Renown'd for Fidling and for Eating well;
Pippins in homely Cakes with Honey Stew'd,
Just as he Bak'd (the Proverb says) he Brew'd.
Their greater Art, succeeding Princes show'd,
And Modell'd Paste into a neater Mode:

In-

Invention now grew lively, Palate nice,
And Sugar pointed out the way to Spice.

But here for Ages unimprov'd we stood,
And *Apple-pye* was still but homely food;
When God-like *Edgar* of the *Saxon* Line,
Polite of Taste, and studious to Refine,
In the Desert perfuming Quinces cast,
And perfected with Cream the rich Repast.
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With Crinckumcranks adorn the Polish'd Brim;
And each fresh Pye the pleas'd Spectator greets
With Virgin Fancies, and with new Conceits.

Dear *Nelly*, Learn with Care the Pastry Art,
And mind the easie Precepts I impart.
Draw out your Dough elaborately thin,
And cease not to fatigue your Rowling pin:
Of Eggs and Butter see you mix enough,
For then the Paste will swell into a Puff,
Which will in crimpling Sounds your Praise re-

And Eat, as Housewives speak, exceeding short.
Rang'd in thick order let your Quinces lye,
They give a charming Relish to the Pye:
If you are Wise, you'll not Brown Sugar slight,
The Browner, (if I form my Judgment right,)
A deep Vermillion Tincture will dispencc,
And make your Pippin Redder than the Quince.

When this is done, there will be wanting still
The just Reserves of Cloves and Candied Peel;
Nor can I blame you, if a Drop you take
Of Orange-water for perfuming sake.

But here, the nicery of Art is such,
There must not be too little, nor too much:

If

If with Discretion you these Costs employ,
They quicken Appetite, if not, they cloy.

Next in your Mind this Maxim firmly root,
Never o'ercharge your Pye with costly Fruit;
Oft let your Bodkin through the Lid be sent,
To give the kind Imprison'd Treasure vent;
Lest the fomenting Liquor closely prest,
Insensibly by constant fretting waste,
And o'er inform the Tenement of Paste.

To chuse your Baker, think and think again:
(You'll scarce one honest Baker find in ten)
Adust and bruis'd I've often seen a Pye,
In rich Disguise and costly ruin lie;
While penfive Crust beheld its Form o'er-

(thrown, |
Exhausted Apples griev'd, their Moisture }
(flown, |
And Sirrups from the sides ran trickling down.)

O be not, be not tempted, lovely *Nell*,
While the hot piping Odours strongly smell,
While the delicious Fume creates a Gust,
To lick th' o'er flowing Juice, or bite the Crust.

You'll rather stay (if my advice may rule)
Until the Hot's corrected by the Cool;
'Till you've infus'd the luscious store of Cream,
And chang'd the Purple for a Silver stream:
'Till that smooth Viand its mild force produce,
And give a softness to the tarter Juice.

Then shalt thou pleas'd the Noble Fabrick
(view,
And have a Slice into the Bargain too;
Honour and Fame alike we will partake,
So well I'll Eat what you so richly Make.

Jogging along the Street, I spy'd a Gate, and when I came at it, a spacious Fabrick, part of which seem'd to me to be built for a Place of Judicature; and the continual Noise and Clamour I heard in it, confirm'd me in my Opinion: 'twas the Castle, full of Judges, Lawyers, Advocates, Proctors, Attorneys, Bayliffs, Sergeants, Catchpoles, and all the Tenterhooks of the Law, stretching their Throats with Lies and Nonsense. Going amongst those Catterpillars, I was immediately accosted by a Company of Gentlemen in Threadbare-Coats, with their Ears par'd to their Heads, and their Cheeks scarify'd with hot Irons, and yet they cou'd not relinquish their old Trade of Basket-making; for attacking me one by one, and slyly pulling me by the Sleeve, Sir, says he, shew me but the State of your Case, and I'll find two or three Companions that will Swear to it, be it what it will; I can bring those, Sir, that were present, and can give pregnant Instances, and material Circumstances, at the making of your Bargain, tho' 'twas done Ten years before their Nativity. I presently knew these to be a sort of Rake-hells call'd Knights of the Post, and having no Employment for 'em, left 'em, and went out of Court. Turning upon my Left Hand, there came peeping out of their Cage, like Whores out of a Round-house, or Mice out of a Trap, a great number of Pages and Footmen in *Lucifer's* own Livery, with their Chains rattling, and Tongues going like so many Bell-Clappers; others with whole

whole Cargos of Laces upon their Arms. One
 polly Dog came up to me thus, Sir, if you'll
 oblige me with a Half penny for Tobacco, I'll
 repeat the Lord's Prayer backwards, Swear the
 Compass round, give a treble Curse to every
 individual step in the Minster, and call a Pro-
 titute as many Proper Names, as she has Hairs
 upon her Letchery-laying Engine.

As we walked too and fro in the Castle-yard,
 pair of Tun-belly'd Parsons bolted thro'
 the Gate, like a Ball through the Port of a Bil-
 lard Table, said a Friend that stood by me,
 observe yonder two Gaudy Thump-Cushions,
 that are cram'd up to their very Throats,
 whilst others have not a Morsel in their Maw;
 There's more Difficulty in perswading Them to
 give you a Sermon, than in bringing over a Jew
 to the Christian Faith, reconciling a Whore to a
 Minnery, or making a Spaniard forget his Pride,
 and renounce the Flesh and the D——l, with
 the Pumps and Vanities of this wicked Wold.
 They are not such Cullies as the Jews of old
 were, who wou'd have chang'd their Manna
 for the Onyons and Garlick of Egypt; they are
 not for Leaks or Onyons, That is for Labour,
 sins, and Trouble, they leave that Diet to
 their Country Curates, and glut themselves in
 the City with the greatest Rarities, and most
 delicious Morsels, and are daily Victims to
orpheus, according to the ingenious Doctor
arth.

What wondrous Marks the God of Sloth has
(shown,

Some Rev'rend Worthies of the Gown can own.
Triumphant Plenty, with a chearful Grace,
Basks in their Eyes, and sparkles in their Face
How sleek their Looks, how goodly is their Mein,
When big they strut behind a double Chin!
Each Faculty in Blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull.

No learn'd Debates molest their Downy Trance,
Or discompose their pompous Ignorance:

But undisturb'd they loiter Time away,
So Wither, Green, and Blossom in Decay.

Deep sunk in Down, they, by his gentle Care,
Avoid th' Inclemencies of Morning Air,
And leave to tatter'd Crape the Drudgery of
(Prayer.)

Not far from the Castle, (with which it has
Communication by a Draw-Bridge) is the
Famous Round Tower, seated upon a Hill
which by Art and Nature excels most in *Eng-
land*, and tho' by an unfortunate Fire in the
late Reign, it was render'd an unfit Receptacle
for Swords-men, yet, said my Friend, the
Noble uniform Figure of this Hill, and the
Shell of the Building upon't, was an Honour
and an Ornament to the City, 'till an old
Crabbed Humourist, defaced the Mount, to
enlarge his Gardens, and wou'd not desist pro-
secuting his Design, tho' it prov'd fatal to two
Workmen, who had the misfortune to be em-
ploy'd in that unlucky undertaking. Repassing
through

through the Gate into the City, there was a whole Brigade of Mumpers, Coblers, Taylors, Weavers, Footmen, Coachmen and Pick-pockets, as busie at Spanfarthing, Chuck, and Hustle Cap, as so many Sharpers at the Cockpit near *Grays-Inn*, quarrelling and squabbling about the foulness of their Play; or like so many Knavish Attorneys, and Tricking Spiritual-Court Men in the Minster Yard, about the unfairness of their Practice.

Being now well fatigu'd with the hurry of the Day, we resolv'd to revive our Sitient Veins, drooping Spirits, and craving Stomachs, with a Bottle of the Spirit of Malt, and a Beef-Steak, and jostled through a parcel of Cornified Cits blundering along towards the Court of Judicature, with as much celerity as the Beaus every *Monday* night hasten to the Assembly, or the Ladies at Four a Clock to Minster Prayers. At last we arriv'd at the *Crown*, in *Castle Gate*; at the Door of this Greasy Elaboratory, six Dons pass'd us in Puritanical Coats, and diminutive Cravats, as stiff and upright, as so many *Spanish* Figures at *Punch's* Opera in *Covent-Garden Piazza*, or in a Raree-Show at *Bartholomew-Fair*, thinking a ceremonious Congee grand Sacrilege, or taking off their flapping Umbrello's a Breach of the Commandments. We no sooner enter'd the House, but a Pistail Girl conducted us into a Room, where several slouching Fellows sat cracking their Testers, and dreaded as much being seen, as a Court Libertine does Fools-
Para-

Paradise, or a Puritan to be catch'd in a Baudy-house; however, we mixt higgles-de-piggles-de with 'em, as the *Starlings* among the *Jack-Daws* upon the Battlements of *Windsor-Castle*, they leering all the Time at us under their Bongraces, with as much Bile and Contempt, as so many *Italian* Priests, or *Portuguese* Friars, at a couple of Hereticks.

These slouching mute Disciples drank like Fish, and made no more of a Tankard before it came from their Lips, than a Fish-woman at *Foss-Bridge* does a Dram of right *Nants*, or a Basket-woman in *Thursday* Market, of a Two-penny Glas of *Geneva*. They drank so fast, 'twas the business of one Tap-Groper to replenish their Pots, 'till like Reprobate Sinners, who have no God before their Eyes, they were deluded by Satan into an impious state of Debauchery.

After I'd observ'd a little the Behaviour of those Holy Tiplers, I ask'd my Friend who they were that sat so like Mumchance? They are, said he, a sort of *Northern* Enthusiasts call'd Quakers, lately sprung up, and sucking their Principles from the Jesuits, scorning all Rule and Dignity, and veiling their Ambition and Pride under the Mantle of Spiritual Light, and their Cheating and Deceit under the Cloak of Plain Dealing; but in their Hearts they aim at no less than their first Tutors, and are as dangerous to deal withal, as any People in the Universe. They Excommunicated a poor Cucumber Cormorant, and a Rag-Merchant his Son,

for

for shewing themselves Men of Principle, Integrity, and Honesty.

We booz'd merrily, calling for one Pint after another, till at last the Liquor had a little effect upon my Friend, insomuch that he began to be frolicksome, and entertain'd us with a Drunken Song.

The SONG.

COME fill us the Glasses until they run o'er;
 Wine is the Mistress we ought to adore;
 Women are pretty fantastical Toys,
 Fit to please foolish and ignorant Boys; (joys.
But Wine, Wine, 'tis Wine alone affords the true
'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine alone that affords the true joys.

Wine keeps out Envy and Grief from our Hearts,
 Wine keeps us from blind Cupid's Darts;
 We never at Fortune's Injustice complain,
 Nor are we troubled for Celia's Disdain:
But all, all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign;
All, all our Cares are drown'd in Champaign.

Come fill the Glass and I'll drink a new Health,
 Which shall neither be to my Wit, nor my wealth;
 Or unto my Mistress, to his, or to thine,
 But to a Creature more rare and divine;
Come here, here, here's to the best, I mean the best
(Wine.
Here, here's to the best, I mean the best Wine.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Come hither,
 You Birds that are of a Feather,
 And as the old Proverb says,
 Let's flock together,
 Here's Wine Boys,
 So sparkling, so pleasant, and fine Boys,
 Such sacred Liquor
 Drowns ev'ry ill Design Boys ;
 Let's toss off the Glasses,
 Whilst others Damn'd Plots are devising,
 Thus Drink till our Faces
 Look Red, as the Sun at his Rising.

As soon as he had ended his Sonnet, one of the Sanctified Brothers open'd his Mouth like *Balam's* Ass, and thus spake; Friend, Thou talk'st as if thy Drink disturb'd thy inward Man ; Thy Ranting Doings and Prophan Noise is very disagreeable ; therefore fare thee well, I can stay no longer in such loose Company. As they made their *Exit*, one of 'em pulling his Handkerchief out of his Pocket dropt a *Billet-deux*, which I immediately seiz'd and have here inserted.

Friend Tabitha,

I Hope, the Brewis of thy Beauty, boil'd in the Kettle of Kindness, with the Beef of thy Bounty, may at length prove a Dish for my Diet, That the Marrow-bone of thy Maidenhead, being crack'd with

with the Chopping-knife of my Courage, may, upon the Trencher of Truth, declare, how I love, and admire thee. Let not the Minc'd-meat of Modesty, bak'd in the Oven of Hatred, and the Crust of Coyness, cause my Denyal, lest the Dagger of Death, drench'd in the Barrel of my Blood, with the Spiggot of Speed, draw forth the Liquor of my Life. Thus in the Harvest of my Haste, I take my Leave of thee, my Love. From my Lodgings, in the Dregs of the Date of the Eleventh Month, in the dawning of the Day, and the Youth of the Year to come, I remain thy real Friend and Brother in the Light.

Yea and Nay.

They were no sooner gone, but we were disturb'd by a squeeking Noise, and the Chattering of certain Animals in the shape of Monkeys and Baboons, standing upon their hind Feet, with long Cloaks cast about 'em; My Friend told me they were Fiddlers and Bagpipers, that had fed upon Cats-Guts and Ox-Bladders, for three or four Months, and wanting Employment, were come to pay their Devoir, and offer their Service to the Lord Mayor, Judges, High Sheriff, Raking Lawyers, Wild Apprentices, and Wanton Ladies of the Town.

Having now satisfied Nature, we discharg'd our Reckoning, and from thence sail'd about like two Roving Pyrates, we car'd not whither, till we came to Conny-Street, where the Babes of Grace were handing about a dead Rat, and ever now and then, tois'd it into the Face of some staring Booby or other. We shun'd 'em with as

D

much

much Fear, as a Deserting Tar wou'd a Gang of Press-masters, or a Jilt a severe Justice, or the Church wardens on a *Sunday* Morning. Over-against the *George*, two Bullies met each other, Damn you, Sir, says one, you were with Mrs. S—— last Night, degrading, scandalizing, and abusing me; Go now and give me Satisfaction, or by Heavens, I'll pink as many Eye-let holes in your Skin, as there are Hairs upon your Head. Confound you for a Cowardly Pimp, says the other, you lye, and if I'd my trusty Spado by my Side, I wou'd send you Post to the D——l. You Scoundrel, says t'other, Meet me at the Grove, to morrow morning, at Six a Clock, or I'll slit your Nose the first time I see you. I'm a Man of Honour, reply'd he, and upon the Parole of a Chevalier, and by the Red Nose of *Oliver Cromwell*, I'll meet you at the Time and Place, and so they parted.

The Character of a BULLY.

I.

ROOM, room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes delight in Roaring,
Who all Day long Rambles up and down,
And at Night in the Street lies Snoaring.

II.

That for the Noble Name of Spark,
Does his Companions Rally,
Commits an Outrage in the Dark,
Then slinks into an Alley.

III. To

III.

To ev'ry Female that he meets,
 He swears he bears Affection,
 Defies all Laws, Arrests and Cheats,
 By the help of a kind Protection.

IV.

When he intending further Wrongs,
 By some resenting Cully,
 Is decently run through the Lungs,
 And there's an end of B U L L Y.

Coming to the *Black-Swan*, says my Friend,
 observe yonder two *Belles* in the Window over-
 against us; They are Admirers of Swords men
 and Lawyers; She with Black-Hair, and the
 Budget upon her Back, generously presented
 her Virginity to a neighbouring Pettyfogger;
 and the Fair one, never denies her Favours to
 the Sons of *Bellona*.

Whilst we stood here, another Sister, an
 Admirer of a Red Coat in *Portugal*, a topping
 Jade, sail'd out of the Tenement, with a mighty
 Fardingal, so large she cou'd scarce croud
 through the narrow Entry, and fill'd both
 sides of the Streets with the vast compass of
 her Coats: But she was soon overtaken by the
 first Minute of an ill-ruling Hour, and, on a
 sudden, being set upon her Head, appear'd
 like a Bell inverted. Here was discover'd a
 vast Fardel of Rags, that compos'd a Rump-
 roll, with a piece of Tapestry-hanging roll'd

to set out her Hips, which in the turn loosening, and falling over her Belly, there appear'd at the bottom of it an *Holofernes's* Head. The whole Street was alarm'd with the shouts of the Rabble that beheld her: Such a general Huzzza was bellow'd through the whole Place by the People to express their gladness, that at *Hockley in the Hole*, when a young Puppy, Pins the old Game Bull, even then a parallel shout was never heard at the *Beargarden*. She shriek'd: but her Voice being drown'd in the Labyrinth of her Petticoats fallen about her Head, the Noise sounded as if it had come from a deep Cavern.

Passing along, we met one of my Friend's Schoolfellows, who engag'd us to Sup with him and his Comrades; we attended him to his Lodging, and whilst we were drinking a Glass of Wine, in came four of the Gang with their Hats standing a Tiptoe on their Heads, and cock'd up, as if the Brims were Nail'd to the Crowns, with a whole Smith's Shop about their Swords, and a Tanners Warehouse about their middle. They made their Compliment with their Mouths, and speaking very broad and unintelligibly, saluted my Companion, who return'd in like manner, and telling 'em who I was, they all got up, embraced me, and assur'd me of a hearty Wellcome. We sat down to Table, and the first thing they serv'd up was a Dish of Pickles, which as soon as they had tasted, they all drank to my Honour by way of Wellcome; next came Flesh and Fish,

Fish, all of it high season'd to promote Drinking; after that four good Minc'd Pies were serv'd up in broken Platters, and pieces of old Crocks and Pans: They took off the upper Crufts and fill'd 'em with Wine. The Glasses and Pots went incessantly round, and my next Neighbour ply'd it so hard, that a Dish of curvy Sausages looking like Fingers of Blacks cut off, being set upon the Table, one of 'em ask'd what they meant by serving up dress'd Charcoal? Another of 'em laying hold of the Sausages, cry'd to me, by *Gog* and *Magog*, I ne'er eat better Black Meat in my Life, Master. I Laught heartily to see another of them stretching out his Hand, lay hold of the Salt, and cry, This Pottage is hot; and at that very Juncture the Benefactor take a whole handful of Salt, and clapping it into his Mouth, say, This is an incomparable Provocative for Boozing. After all this Medley there came some Soup, and another laying hold of a Porringer with both his Paws, instead of putting it to his Mouth, he clapt it to his Cheek, pour'd it down, Scalded his Face, and besmear'd himself with Grease from Head to Foot; and another made a Reverend Bow to a Wooden Candlestick in the Room, which he took for one of his Society. My Friend and I thinking it high Time to be jogging, made the *Bacchanalians* a scrape, and left 'em to themselves.

Strolling homewards, I narrowly escap'd the descending Contents of a well-laden Chamberpot

berpot, and not being a little surpriz'd at the Accident, I endeavour'd to discover the Bombardeer, and by the assistance of honest Dame *Luna*, it appear'd to be a fair young Lady; and as I thought the Correction of a Pen in such a Case, more properly applicable than that of a Cane, so I endeavour'd to revenge my self on my Aggressor, by sending her the following Lines.

As I the Heavens view'd one Night,
When *Cynthia's* Beams were fair and bright,
I heard a Murmur from an high,
Like Thunder in the distant Sky;
I turn'd about, and looking round,
A Comet dropt upon the Ground;
I thought its excellencies such,
That I ambitious of a touch,
Drew near, and e'er I spoke a Word,
The Comet chang'd into a T——d.

We went to Bed as soon as we got to my Friends Habitation, and next Morning about Eight were visited by a brisk young Spark just come from the Inns of Court, he told us, he was one Afternoon taking a serious Walk upon the *Bar* Walls, where he met a Fundament Peeper's Niece, all bright and tempting; by *Jove*, said he, an untouch'd Angel, her Eyes drew me to her Flesh, and my Tongue mov'd her to my Chamber, and nothing but *Sallenger's Round* was reciprocally Danc'd, till both Parties were rather tir'd, than fatisfied.

Such

Such were her Eyes, such Heavenly Charms,
Such was her winning Modesty,
That a cold Cynick twice wou'd dye
To purchase but a Grasp from her fair Arms.

How blest, then, O ye Gods! was I,
To whom such Joys were given?
Thrice my fond Soul appear'd to dye,
Unable to endure the Heaven.

For where such Tides of killing Pleasures flow,
We sink transported and can never go.

Whilst we were relating our Adventures, a
Buxom Dame looking Nine ways at once, sent
for my Friend down Stairs. That Lady below,
said the Gentleman, is Marry'd to a comely
gentile Heroe, by whom, she says, she has se-
veral Children: when he's ready for a Tran-
sportation to his Command, she posts to the
Metropolis, and after his departure, is enter-
tain'd by a young Nink-a-poop she has in-
dulg'd from his Nativity. The Good Man
hearing of his Spouse's Conduct and Intrigues,
swore Revenge. The Gallant being inform'd
of it, and apprehensive of a Challenge, writ
to a Friend in the Country to hasten to *London*
to fight his Duel. His Friend, after he had
perus'd the Contents of his Epistle, flew to his
assistance: But, at his Arrival, the Spark had
abandon'd his Lodgings, and was no where to
be found, for he lurk'd as silent in a Cellar, as a
sturdy

sturdy *Greek* in the Belly of a *Trojan-Horse*, and till he was well assur'd his Antagonist was Embark'd for *Flanders*, durst not venture to open his subterraneous Cave, so far as an Oyster does his Shell, to receive new Breath. At last, he quitted his dark and uneasie Confines, cramp'd and crimp'd like a *London* Prentice just deliver'd from his *Guild-hall* Penance: But stunk as bad as a dying Snuff in the Socket of a dark Lanthorn, for fear the hectoring Bully, or some of his Emissaries shou'd have peep'd into his Den.

After we were rigg'd, we took a Walk into the Town, to get a Stomach to our Dinners, and passing along *Peter-Gate*, I was stopped by a young Nymph; What's your Commands, fair Lady? said I. I want to be Kifs'd, replied she. Then Madam, said I, you need go no farther; I presume you're for the first you meet. 'Tis true, Sir, quoth she, but, I fear, if I grant you that Favour, you'll behave yourself like a Prigg in a Coffee-house, turn yourself round, and quit the Room without spending.

We call'd in at the *White-Swan* upon the Pavement; but my Companions telling me the Landlord was a Liberty-stealer, and the Liquor not proving according to our expectations, we drank a Pint, gave him a Curse, and left the House.

The CURSE.

Since you the Noble MALT abuse,
 as we have Cause to think it,
 May all true Cods your Ale refuse,
 and none but Black-guards drink it:

May you a Slave to Slaves become,
 till you're despis'd among us;
 And smell no sweeter Air at Home,
 than smoak of damn'd Mundungus.

May you be Curb'd, and live in Awe
 of Porters and of Carmen;
 And drink no Beer, but what you draw
 to such vile brutish Vermin.

As you deserve grant mighty Jove,
 that this may be your Sentence;
 May Stum your Lingring Poison prove,
 and bring you to Repentance.

The next Crew we met, were a parcel of
 Bums, and their Followers. Certainly a Bay-
 iff is the properest shape wherein Men fancy
 Satan; he's at the most but an Arrester, and
 Hell a Dungeon. He's the Creditor's Hawk,
 wherewith they seize upon flying Birds, and
 catch them again in his Tallons. He's the Pe-
 riod of young Gentlemen, or their Full stop;
 or when he meets'em they can go no farther.
 His Ambush is a Shop-stall, or close Lane,
 E and

and his Assault is Cowardly, at your Back. He respits you in no place but the Tavern, where he sells his Minutes dearer than a Clock-maker. The common way to run from him, is thro' him, which is frequently attempted and achiev'd, and no Man's more beaten out of Charity. He makes the Streets more dangerous than the High-ways; and Men go better provided in their Walks, than their Journeys. He first handsels the young Rapiers of the *Templers*, and they are as proud of his Repulse, as an *Hungarian* of killing a *Turk*. He's a moveable Prison, and his Hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off. He occasions disloyal thoughts in the Commonwealth; for he renders the Queen's Name more odious to the People than the Devils.

We now steer'd our Course towards *Bootham-Bar*, to take a transient View of that Structure call'd the Mannor, or King's Palace, which is now nothing but the remains of an Ancient piece of Building; Time and the Civil Wars have scarce left enough whereby to trace its former Grandure, but the small Part that is to be seen of the Abby belonging to it: The curious Arch'd Vaults, the noble Stables, with the pleasant situation of the whole, proves it to have been a very magnificent Fabrick. That Place in former Times known in a particular manner, for being the Original of all the *Northern Gallantry*, and the Apartments that have been so frequently crouded with *Beaus* and *Belles*, are, alas! divided into a Female Academy,

Academy ; and the Gardens which the River Ouse so often visited in a flourishing Condition, are now forlorn and neglected, a fit Receptacle for Lovers.

We went from hence to *Parker's* Coffee-house, the common Rendezvous of the Political Tribe, where, with a Comfortable Dram, they fortify their Stomachs against the Morning Air. There the little Mathematical Doctor, so well vers'd in erecting Sun-Dials, entertain'd the Company with his Mysterious Astrological Notions, whilst some of his Brethren dispersed their spurious Schemes of Politicks. Here all the young Ladies of the Town were defected, that lay under the unhappy lash of some of those Humourists, who judge not according to the Merit of the Person, but gratifie their own Splenatick Capricious Tempers, with Reflections, Lies, and Scandal.

We retir'd, in Order to take a view of that Ancient and Renown'd Structure the Minster ; the outside of this awful Pile I could not behold without Reverence and Amazement ; It is rais'd to that prodigious Height, and beautified with such ornamental Statues, that the bold strokes of excellling Artists, whilst the Building stands, will always remain visible, wanting nothing that can render it truly Venerable. A Country Booby that was staring at the two Quarter Boys upon the Steeple, ask'd my Friend whose bonny Lads they were, mounted so high ? They are my Lord Mayors Pages, said he, and every Day, as soon as they hear Twelve a

E 2 Clock

Clock strike, they go and Dine at his Lordship's Table.

My Friend ask'd him what business he had in Town? I'm at Law, said he, with our new Parson for a Tythe Pig, because he refus'd to take the Oaths in the late Reign, and Buried a Fellow i'th' Church Porch that kill'd himself with drinking the Pretenders Health, and Success to the *French Forces in Flanders*: I wou'd not tread upon the Grave of a Rogue that don't love his Country, marry wou'd I not.

We now enter'd the Magnificent Temple with great Wonder and Satisfaction (attended by this Clodpate) which entertain'd our sights with so many Monuments and astonishing Antiquities, we knew not which way to direct our Eyes, each Object was so engaging.

X We went next to the Chapter-house, which may justly claim the Admiration of the whole Universe; such unparallel'd Perfections are apparent in every part of the whole Composure, which seem so far exceeding Humane Excellence, a Man would think it hung by Geometry, or that it was knit together by the Fingers of Angels, pursuant to the Directions of Omnipotence, every Pillar giving a various sound. Espying a Fryer Kissing a Nun, whilst her Sisters made Grimaces and Laught at him, it reminded me of a saying us'd by Sir Roger L'Estrange, *There's as good Flesh and Blood in a Cloister, as there is under the Piazza in Covent-Garden.* And Poggius's Story of the Monk Albert, who fell in Love with a Noble Venetian Lady,

Lady, that he often solicited for a Night's Lodging, and was Repuls'd by her; till at length, he made her believe he was Commanded by *St. Michael* the Arch-Angel to lie with her, by which means he got admittance.

But 'twas not Holy *Albert's* Voice that did it,
It was *St. Michael* brought him to that Credit.

Walking in one of the Isles, two young Ladies met us, with their Faces as full of Patches, as a Cake is full of Plumbs; says the Country Curmudgeon, clapping me on the Shoulder, Master, What Outlandish Rarities are yon, that gang before us, Drest at such a rate? They are, said I, the great Fortunes of the Town. By Lady, an they were i'th' *West-Riding* of *Torkshire* some of 'em, we should give as much too see 'em, as we give for a sight of the Baboon, Dancing-horse, Tyger or Elephant; they'n as much Drapery on their Bums, as would make a Wino-theet; and as many Furbelows and Ribbons, as would make Hoopings and Toppings for the best Team in *Sedbergh* Parish.

We went hence to my Friend's House, and after we had gratified our Palates with a Roasted Goose, and a Fricassee of Rabbits, come, said the Gentleman, now let us feast our Eyes, and divert our selves for half an Hour in the Pavement; When we came there, the first Object that lay within our observation was a *Jack Pudding* upon the Stage; he began a Tale

Tale of a Tub, which he illustrated with a Thousand ugly Grimaces, and comical Actions, and by his exquisite acquirements in the art of Tittle Tattle, lugg'd the Clod-skull'd Audience by the Ears three quarters of an Hour. The Ape and his Boy, blunder'd over such a parcel of damn'd Nonsense, none but a Thoughtless British Mob cou'd have been entertain'd, or pleas'd with their empty Drollery.

Our Carcases began to be uneasie in the Crowd, and our Fobs precarious amongst the nimble Finger'd Quality of the Diving Mystery, therefore we resolv'd to go to the Ale-house; when we were seated at the Window, we saw strutting round the Stage, a little squat Spark in his Tinsey Robes; then said my Friend,

This is the Doctor as I take it,
Dress'd up in all that Pomp to Quack it,
With some strange neverfailing Packet.
We gaz'd a while t' observe their Meeting,
And view'd the manner of their Greeting,
Which was perform'd with great Decorum,
In sight of all that stood before 'em.
The Merry Fool, with great Submission,
Bow'd to the Grave Fool, the Physician,
Who made a Congee in return,
And look'd on t'other Fool with scorn,
Just as great Nobles do at Court,
Upon the lesser Humble sort;
Who Cringe and Creep to those above 'em,
Not 'cause they're Wise, or that they Love 'em,
But

But fancying Titles solid things,
Bow to the windy Breath of Kings:
But if you'd know the Reason of it,
These flatt'ring Nods are all for Profit:
So one Fool makes himself a scoff,
To set the Fool his Master off;
As *Andrew* Clowns it to the Doctor,
Because he proves his Benefactor.

When Quack and *Zany* thus were met,
The gorgeous Emp'rick seem'd to Fret,
Both looking round the spacious Hill,
As if they wanted something still;
At last the Skip came with a Wallet,
Of ——— no Man e'er knew what to call it;
Promiscuous sweeps of Druggists Shops,
Made into Plaisters, Pills and Slops,
All mix'd as you'll hereafter see,
Up with Infallibility:
Tho' cou'd the World but at one view,
Foresee the Evils they wou'd do,
They'd say with me, (a murrain rot 'em)
That 'twas the Dev'l indeed that brought 'em,
And that this Bag of damn'd Expedients,
Compounded of unknown Ingredients,
Brought from all Climates of the World,
Confus'dly thus together hurl'd,
Contain'd more Curses, Plagues and Poxes,
Then fifty of *Pandora's* Boxes.

After the Doctor had dispos'd of most of his
Jewels, Plaisters and Powders, Jack-Pudding
mounts his slack-hempen Fortune, and began
to play at swing-swang as if the D ——— I was
in

in him; flying like a Bird in the Air, and hanging sometime by his Hand, sometime by his Chin, sometime by his Ham, and sometime by his Toe. After he had fool'd it about half an Hour, he promis'd his Mobbish Spectators more Diversion the next Visit, honour'd 'em with a gracious Nod, and came down.

We now resolv'd to take a turn upon the Ramparts, and passing along *Walm-Gate*, we met a Grave Person with a Hat like a Pewter Dish, and at his Heels, a whole Batallion of Males and Females; I ask'd my Friend, who he was with this Grand Guard and Attendance? He is, said he, an acquaintance of Old-Nicks by way of Fortune-telling, The *Wizard* of *Walm-Gate*, and his Followers, are a Company of deluded Sots, who come to him to consult their Destinies, Whether their Life will be Long or Short? Happy or Miserable? One for a *Philter* to Charm some Rich Widdow, another to know when she shall be Married; some to enquire after their Sweet-hearts safety at Sea; others to know what Brats they shall have; who shall Die first, the Husband or the Wife. Nay, in case of Losses, away they trudge with a Shilling, and then Mr. Star-gazer shews 'em their own Fools Head in a variable Glass, which they believe, as much as they do the Creed, to be the very Picture of the Person that Robb'd 'em.

Soon after we were got upon this Rampart, a Spark appear'd to our view decked in as Gaudy a Trim as *Cibber* when he Acts Lord

Foppington upon the Stage. This Gentleman, says my Friend, is the Son of a Learned ingenious Divine, he has got a great deal of Money, and lives by Gaming, and Wheedling young Heirs, and shallow pated Cits, to Play away all their Coin, afterwards to Mortgage their Estates, or enter into Bonds and Judgments: That Gay Suit, and fine Diamond Ring upon his Finger, cost him no more than half an hours shaking his Elbow.

Jogging along, we met a troop of fine Lasses, looking as demure as if Butter wou'd not melt in their Mouths, after them follow'd a Squadron of young Beaus, like so many Pedesequi, with their Hats under their Arms, bowing and cringing at a distance: But the more they offer'd to pay their Devoir, the more Coy and Shy the Females appear'd. I ask'd if those were not the Quality of the Town? No, said our Companion, notwithstanding their dissembled Modesty, they are a gang of common Strumpets, I have seen some of them trudge it on Foot from *Charing-Cross* to *Fleet-bridge*, in the Night, to pick up any Country Attorney, that would give them a Supper, or else they must have gone Hungry to Bed; but having got in with some Broker, and furnished with Tinsy trim, they have given him the *Dog to hold*, chang'd their Names, and come hither, waiting upon each other by turns, and give out they are vast Fortunes, the noise of which, together with their feign'd Modesty, has allured those Pops and Buffoons.

foons to adore their very Shoe-strings. Whilst these Words were between his Teeth, they approach'd us, fanning themselves, and with scornful Looks, or rather seeming Bashfulness, frequently turn'd away from their Admirers. I protest, Madam, says one, this is so troublesome a Town, a Lady cannot rest quiet in her own Lodgings, but is three or four times a day molested by those intruding Visitants; I'm surpriz'd, Madam, you did not change your Condition in the Country, my Lord, I am persuaded, who has as great a Passion for your Ladyship, as ever Man entertain'd, will be extreme Chagrin at your coming away without his Knowledge. Truly Madam, replied she, I'm satisfied of the sincerity of his Affection, and that he has a plentiful Estate of Ten Thousand Pounds *per Annum*. A very pretty Fortune, cries a third, I wonder you slight such an offer, tho' your Ladyship has Eight Thousand Pounds in your own Hands, is it not better to be settled in the World? I wonder, Madam, said she, you venture not, you had extraordinary Offers, and have as large a Fortune to Command. This Discourse being overheard by the rattling Attorneys, half Witted Shop-keepers, and craz'd Merchants, at a distance, they were transported, every one thought himself sure of a Fortune, and resolv'd to apply to the Chamber-maid, rather than fail, and by her Intercession get admittance, tho' at the price of a Diamond-Ring, a Gold-Watch, or a Pearl-Necklace.

We

We soon departed hence, my Friend conducting us to a Place called *St. Andrew's Gate*, which he told me was frequented by the *Cob-Royal Sparks* of the Town. We now enter'd the College of Prostitution, where, says my Friend, the Devil broach'd all his Impious Stratagems, constituting this place the Theatre of Sin, where Lewdness and Whoring are daily represented. As we pass'd through the Gate, the first Door I glanced my Eyes upon happened to be distinguished and dignified with one of Old Nick's own Daughters, at the receipt of Custom; the Airyness of her Dress, and forward aspect, shew'd her a Commoner, ready to bestow her Favours upon any Sollicitor; and she lay conveniently to be squeez'd by some Young Journey-man, who spends more time upon *Phyllis* and *Chloris*, than upon stating his Masters Accounts, or instructing the Young Apprentice in his Business.

Marching farther into the Main-street of this Sink of Sin and Sea-coal, we met Whores and Rogues, as thick as Fools in *Thursday Market*, looking as modest as *Newgate Saints* Canoniz'd at the *Old Baily*: but amongst them all, scarce one appeared above the Degree of an Alderman's Pimp, nor one Strum, that you'd demand above Two pence Wet and Two pence Dry, for a Nights Occupation.

Passing along the Street, every now and then, we came to a common Vaulting School, where peeping in at a Key-hole, we saw Book-keepers, Journey-men, and Apprentices, and their

Taudry *Margaretta's* kicking up their Hee
to a *Scotch* Trump, and looking as Gamesome
Frolicksome, and Wild, as so many Tarpau
lins just Landed from *Barbadoes* or *China*
Standing at the Door of one of 'em, an old
Maiden-head Broker came out, Gentleman
said she, pray walk in, I have as bonny
Tit came last Night, as any in the Town, I
let her out for Twelve pence a Stage, and she
rides as well as any young *Philly* within the
Walls.

Upon a WHORE. A Song.

I.

What the plague does *Chloe* mean,
When she Jilts her Lover?
Who but that deluding Quean
Wou'd such Vice discover?
Sure the Punk is always Drunk,
For thus her Tricks repeating;
Sure the Jade affects the Trade
Of Treachery, and Cheating.

II.

Neither Love nor Honour can
In the least confine her,
She complies with ev'ry Man,
As the Pence incline her:
She'll lye down, to Lord, or Clown,
With equal Adoration,

Postures more, than known before,
She claims as her Vocation.

III.

When a courteous *Strephon* tries
Gently to approach her,
Maiden like, she squeeks and cries,
E'er she lets him broach her.
Thus with her Baits, she sily Waits,
Till surely she entraps him,
Thus with her Arts, she throws her Darts,
Till damnably she Claps him.

IV.

Who the Pox wou'd then persue
One of such Employment,
One that plies at ev'ry Stew,
For Baboons Enjoyment?
Let the Whore, be always poor,
And after Bullies hanker;
Let the Sot, with Buboes rot,
And never want a Shanker.

Jogging along the Street, says my Friend,
That comely bulky Gentleman, in the fair
Wig, just before us, is fam'd for Romances,
and Exploits he perform'd in his Travels; He
once Commanded the Diam—d Frig—t, but
judging it much better to sleep in a whole Skin,
than to engage the Gallick Valour, tack'd a-
bout, and made all the Sail he cou'd to evade the
Fury

Fury of his persuing Enemy: Afterwards he was Cashier'd for his Pusillanimity, and is come to reside in this City.

Pray Sir, says I, who do you judge the best Men in your Town? The Aldermen without all dispute, answer'd he; for several of 'em have, as 'tis thought, got Estates by Clip——s and Coy——s, and thereby became Lord Mayors.

Who is that, says I, that hobbles there on the other side of the Street? He is, says my Friend, a meer Hobnail, one in whom Nature, when she made his Head, forgot to put Brains, like a Fellow that made an Hog-stye, and forgot to make a Door to it; The Son of a Punster and Reverend Divine, who is newly gone a Voyage over the River Styx, and has left this Creature to represent him in his absence.

Having now trespassed too far upon Nature, and spent all the Afternoon, and part of the Evening, without Regaling our selves with Refreshment requisite to enliven our Spirits and preserve our Health, we resolv'd to post to *Cunny-Street*, and smoak a Pipe at the *George*. By that time we had guzzled a Pint of Porters Belch, in came a little Girl with a Letter directed to Mr. B——r; my Friend being of that Name, took it, opened it, and read it.

The LETTER.

Mr. B ———,

Yesterday I receiv'd your Favour : but my Husband's stay at home all Day, to my great Grief, depriv'd me of the Happiness of your Embraces ; this Morning he went for Leeds, where he will stay a Week, in the meantime, you may be welcome to his Bed, Sack Posset, Spirit of Clary, and

Your Affectionate

B ——— w ———

My Friend immediately discovering the mistake, sealed the Billet-deux, and dispatch'd it to his Name-fake, who was in the next Room with several Tun-belly'd, Non-conspintexts, feeding like a Pig, drinking like a Fish, and fattening himself in the scoundrel Laziness of Conventicles. Those Hypocritical Puritans being in a Room by themselves, were damn'd hard Mouth'd Fellows at an Oath ; They made no more of Swearing as heartily as an Irish Evidence, than a Justice of Peace's Clerk of kissing Doll the Dairy-maid. Oaths rattled about like small-shot at the storming of a Citadel ; and obscene Stories pass'd amongst them for true Doctrine.

Observe, said our Companion, yonder Gentleman at the other Table in a Black Wig, in dark Grey Cloths, and with a Rusty Sweet-Lios by his side, he never lets the Glass stand, but

but tosses about some Friends Health or other, and always begins a Bumper; Sir, said I, do you know the Gentleman? Yes, very well, replied he; he lives about Nine Miles out of Town, he is a famous Physician, and since his Nephew carried on an Intrigue with a Female *Scenobates*, he has got such an itch of scribbling, he plagues both City and Country with his Sonnets, Noise, and Nonsense.

From hence we Adjourn'd to N—d G—'s at the Sh—ls End, and being conducted up stairs, we were mightily diverted by the Tittle-tattle of a parcel of Butchers Wives, Junketing, Funking, and Guzling in the next Room; just after we were seated came hobbling up another Fiery-faced, Tun-bellied, Gossiping Legate to club her Groat, who entering the Chamber, thus accosted her tipling fatguttred Gammars, I'm glad to find you so merry, Neighbours, my Husband's gone out of Town, and I've left the Boy in the Shop, that I may drink a Righteous Glass with you this Evening; for, I have learned more good from you, over a Pint of Claret, since I became a Member of your Honourable Society, than ever I did from the Parson, for all the Kidneys and Sweet-breads I have given him. Truly, says Gammar Dowdy, putting out her long Chin, we stand many a cold blast, and in our Husband's Absence, we ought to enjoy our selves over a Bottle and Pipe. I had not wet my Lips to day, cry'd Mother Squat, with her Face full of Pimples, and as Red as a Grenadiers

Grenadiers Coat, had not my good Friend
 merry Mr. — sent me a Bottle of Rack, and
 a Pint of Rum this Morning. They tossed
 Healths about till they were as merry as the
 Beggars of *Barnsley*, and swallowed more Li-
 quor in one Hour, than we cou'd in five.

The GOSSIPS.

Come, prithee, honest *Moll*, fill t'other Pipe,
 Let us not part when just our Wits are ripe;
 'Tis much too early to retire to Bed,
 Pray Neighbours Club, for t'other quart of Red:
 Home's but a Melancholly House of Care,
 Children and Husband's our disturbers are,
 Come fill the Glass, at nothing now repine,
 We're only happy when we're o'er our Wine.
 Sleep's but the lifeless Image of pale Death;
 Then let us fill and drink whilst we have Breath,
 Come pull away, 'twill make us brisk and brave,
 There's no such charming Liquor in the Grave.

We drank our Pints a piece, discharg'd the
 House, and went home: But I'd no sooner
 compos'd my self to rest, being hurried and
 fatigu'd with a long Summer's days Ramble,
 before I was in a Dream, and thought my self
 under a Table, in a Room at Mr. N——, in
Blakestreet; whilst I lurk'd there, I thought, I saw
 an Old Trot bolt in at the Door, with ne'er a
 Tooth in her Head, and apply her self to a
Romish Priest, alas! said she, good Father, I've
 play'd the Bawd to a Relation of mine, last

G

Night,

Night, for Lucre of two Broad-Pieces, and in hopes of my Absolution, with a favourable Penance, here is one of 'em for you. A Small Offence, an inconsiderable Crime, says the Priest, snatching the Gold out of her Hand, Absolve you; and for Penance, I doom you to eat a Crust of Brown Bread to morrow Morning for Breakfast. Next was a Buxom young Lads about Twenty, who dropt a low Courtesie. Well, Friend, said the Priest, What Pranks have you play'd, you're come again since last Week? Only lay with my Father's Man last Night Sir. Very good, said he and what Cash have you brought to purchase your Absolution? Not one Doit, replied she. But I'll gratify you another Time. Be gone then out of my sight, you Gossip, you, and be damn'd, said he, I'll teach you to come to me open handed. Sir, said she again, if you please, you shall have a Wedding Ring, which was left me for a Legacy by a Friend, when he hang'd himself to save the Charges of his Funeral. Give it, me said he, and for the Penance, watch me, whilst I sleep this Night. The Wench seem'd very well pleas'd with her Penance, promising to fulfill it; and as she went away, gave him an Amorous Leer, with half a Face. Then enter'd another that was suppos'd to have destroy'd a Bastard Child whilst in Service at *New-Town* near *Tadster*. Come, come, Daughter, said he, you have offended and must make Restitution to the Mother Church, whose Receiver I am, give

generously, and your Penance shall be less ;
 with that she pull'd out five Guineas, which
 she said, her Master *Ham---d* had got for Wood
 sold to Sir *J---n B---d*, off his Estate, which
 she resolved to ruin before it came to his Son
W---m, because he married unknown to
 him, and afterwards turn'd Protestant. He
 receiv'd it with a smile, and enjoyn'd her only
 to rise at Three a Clock in the Morning, and
 say *Martins* twice over.

O Priest ! what may I term thee to, who wilt
 Compound for Murther, Blood so basely spilt ;
 For Incest, Whoredom, all that can be told,
 Who all things Sacred dar'st prophane for Gold,
 Thou whose Religion founded is on Blood,
 An Enemy to all that Heaven calls Good ;
 And from that Red-wing'd Dragon hast thy
 (Pow'r,
 Who daily seeks God's chosen to devour :
 Who Pardons and Indulgences dar'st sell,
 And arrogate the Power of Heaven and Hell ;
 Thou wicked Priest for Gold dar'st undertake,
 To snatch damn'd Souls out of the fiery Lake.

I was very well pleas'd to discover the
 Loguery of those Priests: But was soon di-
 turb'd and awaken'd out of my Dream by a
 number of Drunken Sots hooping and hallow-
 ing in the Street.

After we had Breakfasted, next Morning,
 walking along *Foss-Gate*, says my Friend, You-
 see comes our *Prator*, I presume, he's going to
 some

some C—p—r or C—y—r with whom he frequently Corresponds, She has Marry'd his Daughter, a brisk young Woman who loves good Eating and Drinking as well as her Father, and by the Assistance of her Mother Grope, she presented her Husband with a bouncing Girl, seven Weeks after their Nuptials were solemnized.

Passing over *Foss-Bridge*, a couple of Brawny brawling Shrews, well match'd in a Tongue Duel, out-did all the Bells in the Parish, of Bull-baitings in *Christendom*, for unmannerly Noise and Barbarity; their jangling Clappers were enough to turn all the Drink in the Neighbourhood, and sour the very Society of the World. Why, says one, thou lyeest like a Punk, a Thief, and a Witch. Well, but you Bitch, you, says the other, You lie like an Almanack-maker, that lies every Hour of the Day, and all the Year long. No, you Jade you out-do the famous Bully *P—tridge*, and the infamous Dr. *O—ts* in Lying; and are as well known throughout the Town, amongst Men, Women and Children, as the *Church Catechism*, or *Practice of Piety*, amongst the Religious.

Upon a SCOLD.

ETernal Fury, hold thy cursed Tongue,
So quick, so sharp, so loose, so loud, so long
That neither Husband, Neighbour, Friend nor
Can be at ease, when e'er they hear it go. (Foe
Dread

Dread Thunder is a much less frightful Noise,
Drums, Guns and Bells are Musick to thy Voice;
The Pill'ry, which the Perjur'd Villain fears,
Cannot be half so uneasie to the Ears;
Nor is the Aching Head's vexatious Pain,
Half so tormenting to a sickly Brain.
Pox take you all; God keep my Ears secure
From your damn'd Tongues, which nought but
(Death can cure.

Trudging along the Street, said my Friend,
take Notice of yonder young Spark overagainst
us; his Father was our late Lord Mayor, and
being a Person of incomparable Endowments
and Sense, he call'd all his Officers to assist him in
getting his two *Muscovy* Ducks out of the River
for fear they shou'd be Drown'd; and Built an
House of Office upon a Dunghill, with his
Name upon't, to perpetuate his Memory.

Returning now to *Stone-Gate*, I cou'd not
but observe a fine Gay Toy-shop; Its glitter-
ing appearance engag'd my Curiosity to go in,
and I look'd upon a few Trifles; but was sur-
priz'd to find a Person with so little a Soul,
Master of so Glorious a Shop. The compleat
Conveniency of it, every part being so well
adapted for its proper Use, occasion'd my Ex-
pectation of finding a Man of Honour, Spirit
and Integrity fix'd in it: but I was cursedly
deceiv'd, when a designing narrow soul'd Fel-
low apply'd himself to me, whose sneaking
pitiful Temper render'd him every way un-
worthy of the station he possessed, and of any
Gen-

Gentleman's Friendship, Countenance or Custom.

Directing our Course into *Peter-Gate*, I desir'd to Drink a Pint at the *White Swan*, I wou'd not go within the Door says my Friend, if I was sure to get Ten Guineas by it: The Landlord is a professed known Friend and Companion of *Jack Catch*, he has two Wives, one in *London*, and the other here, with three ———, and 'tis as difficult a matter to find creditable Company frequent such People, as 'tis to find Fat Beef in *Scotland*, or a Rich Yeoman in *Wales*.

I went home, and budg'd not out of Doors till about six a Clock in the Evening, that my Friend conducted me to the General Rendezvous of the Beaus and Belles; passing by the Minster, we enter'd an Old Gate, in which nothing was remarkable but its Antiquity, the Building in every Respect answering the Entrance; at last we arriv'd at the Room of State, but were stop't at the Door, by a watchful Dragon, till we charm'd him, and gain'd our admittance by a half Crown Contribution: Being introduced into the Grand Receptacle of both Sexes; the first thing that offer'd to my View, was a Table environ'd with Gentlemen and Ladies, Old and Young, promiscuously engag'd at Cards: But I immediately found the experienc'd Mrs. G ——— took Care to be well paid for her Company. In another Apartment, both Sexes were regaling themselves with Tea and Scandal, and he's always esteem'd

steem'd the most polite Man, who entertains them with the greatest share of the latter. I cou'd not but observe what Baits the agreeable Mrs. Z——, toss'd out, in order to give her Spark an Opportunity of speaking to the Disadvantage of Mrs. B——, he embrac'd the occasion, managed it to the best advantage, and prov'd as Invective and Ill-natur'd as she cou'd wish, for which he gain'd the Character of the best bred Man in the Kingdom. I was immediately diverted from this Scene, by the slow Speech of a pretty agreeable Lady; she retir'd to the most still place of the Room, but her heat and eagerness in imparting her Mind to her Friend, occasion'd the delivery of the subsequent Words, in louder Terms than she design'd. Oh, my Dear Captain, 'tis in vain to suppose it, my Dad's the most rigid Man in the Universe. Alas! had I but hopes of moving him, I would fly to your Embraces: But Fool that I am, (giving him a tender look) to harbour such Thoughts, he'll sooner die than consent to it. He all in Rapture was about to proceed, but spying the Company advance in Pairs, they silently withdrew into the adjoining Garden, like a pair of Turtles Cooing and Imparting the Wishes of their fluttering Hearts, burning with Flames of Love and Desire. Madam, said he, you do us both Wrong in spending your time upon Melancholly Reflections; with that she squeez'd his Hand, Oh! my Life, you know not half the Reason I have for it; but be assur'd, let

let what will be my Fate, 'tis my utmost Resolution to run all hazards for your sake, and I declare, this was the Reason of my appearing here to Night. He with an Eager Look, and Hasty Speech, return'd, My Soul, languid, pale, and insipid, wou'd every Thing appear without your Presence; for 'tis you, and only you, that make the Scene agreeable.

You, by a secret and a powerful Art,
Wind up the Spring of Life, and still impart
Fresh vital heat to my transported Heart.

I was immediately hurry'd by a Company of Romps into the Long-Gallery, where Dancing to the Tune of Hey-go-mad, was a wonderful Diversion amongst both Sexes in this frisking Age of a mistaken Gallantry; they were so fond of turning themselves into Anticks, with the ridiculous Motions of their Hands and Feet; they could make a shift to Dance sometimes without a Fiddle too, rather than fail.

I had not been there long before Country Dances were propos'd, and in a minute the Company was placed in Martial Order, and nothing wanting, but the inspiring Instruments of Action, for the Onset. I perceiv'd some pretty smiling Nymphs still in a languishing Posture, that discover'd it rather to be their hard Fate, than Inclination, that oblig'd them to sit without Partners; I address'd myself to a Lady that with an awful Aspect en-

gag'd

engag'd my Eyes, when directed that way, who, by a smiling Compliance, readily tript with me into the Rear of the Friskers, who by this time were pouring down upon us, to the Galloping Tune of *Richmond-Ball*.

'Tis Evident nothing but necessity could induce those Angelical Creatures to take up with such a parcel of Looberly Hoblers, as some of their Partniers, of which Order was the fam'd *John Scot*, who was engag'd to one of the most Beautiful Ladies of the Company, and in his awkward way, endeavour'd to divert, with twisting his Body into Ten Thousand ridiculous Postures.

At Eight we gave a scrape to the Company and went Home, and spent the rest of the evening with abundance of Pleasure and Satisfaction; for whilst we sat at the Table drinking our Friend's Health, bolted into the Room a Spark with a Perriwig matted like the Mane of a Horse, ridden by the Night Mare, and his Sleeves full of bright *Spanish* needles; he fix'd himself behind the Door, and I had taken him for a Figure in Tapestry hangings, had I not seen his Entrance. He begg'd our Protection, and told us, tho' he was an unfortunate Fellow, he thought himself as safe in our Company, as a Monkey under a Ladies Pettycoats. He began to rave against Women, to condemn the inconstancy of their Sex, and damn his own Credulity. After his heat was abated, I desired him to relate his Misfortunes, and I would defend him

H

against

against all Insults, and any Person he was apprehensive would offend him. This gave him Courage.

Faith, Sir, said he, I'm a Limb-Trimmer by Trade, celebrated for bolstering and padding up the Hump-back'd, Hopper-ars'd Young City Beaus, into compleat Gentlemen; but I am a most unhappy Dog, I have lost the Opportunity of enjoying the finest Woman in the World. Damn'd, after a Months Plague with Billet-deux, seeing her Maid, emptying my Pockets by frequent Entertainments, and Ten Thousand other extravagancies, to be thus fool'd. Well but to tell you the Origin of my Amour; about Thirty Days ago, she came to a P——— at my House, O God how charming she appear'd, how Angelical and Tempting, but alas! Unconstant and her Maid Treacherous. I commenc'd my Intrigue bravely, and Prosecuted it with tolerable success, and just now bewitch'd Puppy, when I was in hopes of reaping the Harvest of my toil, another of her Sparks enter'd the Apartment, where we sat Amorously together upon the Bed side; I narrowly escap'd his Knife and am pursu'd hither by one of his Janizaries. I turn'd him out at the Back Door, bid him post to his Father Confessor for Absolution and ask his Wife Pardon for the injustice he had done her. He was no sooner gone, but there knock'd at the Door a numerous Train of higgie-de-piggie-de Neighbours, tipling Companions, and old Acquaintance, that you

would

would have thought by their Number, they were an Army of Protestant Saints, marching into *North Britain* to Battle the Pretender. They desired my Friend and me to drink a Glass with them at the *Feathers* in *Stone-Gate*, where we caroused plentifully, till they all got as Fuddled as so many Rats in a Wine Cellar, and then Reel'd Home to their Dear Spouses, and Beloved Mistresses, like so many Budge-Batchelors from a City Feast.

Next Morning as soon as I was out of Bed, a quondam Schoolfellow hearing of my being in Town, and where I Lodg'd, made me a Visit, and over a Pot of Tea, gave me a Relation of a Neighbouring Gentleman, which take as follows.

Witlefs Clodpates Esq; was the only Son of *Sir Penurious Clodpate*, Fortune had been kind to the Father in giving him a very plentiful Estate, but Nature doubly unkind to the Son, for he was a Youth, not only of a mean and trifling Aspect, but also of a narrow Capacity and slow Wit: A good Education frequently helps a Lad of low Genius, to make a tolerable Figure in the World, as it makes one of exquisite Parts, a finish'd Man; but this Advantage our Squire was Denied, for, tho' some Fathers of no Learning are Ambitious to give their Children what themselves find it a Misfortune to want, *Sir Penurious* had another Notion, all he desired was, that his Son might get Money as he had, and that he found by Experience might be done, without any

great share of Learning: But it being our Design rather to give some Account of the Son than the Father, we will say no more of the Old Gentleman's Temper or Behaviour, but pass on to that darling Crisis, in the Opinion of most young Fellows, the Death of an opulent Parent. Sir *Penurious* is now Dead, and his Son finding himself possess'd of a plentiful Estate by the Will of a Father, he had long wish'd in his Grave for Denying him those Enjoyments he knew his Fortune would admit of, resolves to do justice to his Passions, and gratify his Vanity and Luxury at any Expence. His Father's Funeral Ceremony is perform'd with Pomp and Grandeur, as 'tis intended, not to speak his esteem for the Old Man, but to be the first step to his own Fame in the World, to which he had hitherto been an entire stranger: Mourning is for Form sake provided, but the Squire has a too eager Desire to shine in his full Splendor, to be long clouded under this Melancholly Dress; he provides himself fine Habits, and spares no Cost to make his Person engaging; his Chariot is Carv'd and Richly Gilt, a Noble Coat of Arms is compounded for with the Heralds, and painted by the nicest Hands; the Supporters are *Cupid's* and Laughing Loves, and the Motto speaks him a Devotee of the Ladies, his Horses are the best that Gold can purchase, his Grooms and Lacqueys numerous, and his Liveries Gay and Costly. Thus equipt, our Squire takes his Tour to all the Publick Places

in and about the Town, filling all beholders with Wonder and Amazement, none cou'd imagine what this splendid Equipage should mean, or guess at the Person it attended ; for Sir *Penurious* having never allow'd his Son a Competence for keeping Gentlemen Company, 'twas wonder'd from what *Terra Incognita* the Squire broke forth, and to what unaccountable Accident so strange and sudden an appearance was owing. The Ladies, as their Nature is, were caught with his Gaudy show, and numbers of fair Ones look'd with longing Eyes on his Chariot and Attendance. They were pleas'd to see him Young and Gay, and to find, by his Motto and Device, he was a Friend to Love ; all sigh'd to be Mistress of that fine Equipage, and practis'd the little Arts of the Sex, to engage the Squire's Eyes and Notice ; But leave we the rest to bemoan their Disappointment whilst *Melissa* is destin'd to make the Conquest. This Lady, tho' no great Beauty, had a certain Liveliness and agreeable turn of Features, which made her appear very engaging, and a Smartness and Female Vivacity in Conversation, that those of no nice Judgment esteem'd her as a Wit. She had Penetration enough to guess by his Aspect, that our Squire was a Man to be manag'd, and made it her Business to enquire his Name and Fortune, resolving to try her Chance, and if possible gain him for a Husband. 'Twere in vain to relate the Artifices *Melissa* us'd to begin the desir'd Acquaintance, nay, perhaps whole

Volumes

Volumes would be too little to enumerate the several Contrivances of a Cunning Woman, when she has a Mind to make a Cully. In short, Matters were so managed, that the Squire made a Visit to *Melissa* at her Father's House in Company of a Gentleman her Relation, who had purposely insinuated himself with him to bring on an intended Amour. The Lady being inform'd of his coming, adorns herself with all the Art and Care imaginable, and practices in her Glass such Looks and Behaviour as she thinks most likely to captivate our Squire's Heart; *Melissa* seeing a Stranger, receives her Relation with a well acted Confusion, whilst he presents his Friend with assuring her, did she know the merit of the Person, she wou'd easily forgive the unexpected Visit; She tells him, she doubts not the Gentleman's Merit, and must the rather chide him, since, being surpriz'd, she could not receive him according to his Worth. The Squire in the mean while is making awkward Bows and Grimaces, and behaving himself in such a manner, as *Melissa* would have undoubtedly ridicul'd, had she not her own advantage in View: But now she keeps time with all his Fooleries, with a serious and composed Countenance, and receives him with a great deal of Respect and Ceremony, from whence we may learn, how little Reason any Man has to value himself upon the seeming Esteem of that Fallacious Sex; who for their Interest, would express a value for an Idiot. The Squire makes but a short Visit, and as

Melissa

Melissa cou'd wish, has taken the Bait; he finds he's fill'd with new Desires, and is unaccountably fond of something besides himself. Hence the audacious Creature thinks he loves, but never can that noble Passion affect a mind so stupid; no, they are the Generous, the Brave, the Wise, that Love, and when mean Souls pretend to it, they endeavour to hide under that Name what is no better than Infatuation. Whatever it is that possesses him, the Squire resolves to make *Melissa* his own, and spends great part of the Night, in contriving how to Address her; he had heard that Love makes Poets, and thinks, if that's a receiv'd Rule, he can't Attack his Mistress fitly in Prose, because it carries self Conviction, that he is not the Person he pretends to be, and therefore resolves to send her a Copy of Verses the next Morning, declaring his Passion, and Intention to Visit her, and know his Fate; Nature makes some Fools, but the Coxcomb is undoubtedly an Acquirement. The Verses, having something in 'em very uncommon, shall be inserted.

Since 'twere a Pity to rehearse
Thy Praise in any thing but Verse,
My Lines I'll measure, and my Words I'll chime,
Assist kind Muse, assist sweet Rhime.

Hail then Notorious Beauty, hail!
Who for to kill dost never fail;
Thy Charms will thee Immortal make,
Tho' thence my Mortal Death I take.

The

The Glories of thy Beauteous hue,
Phæbus, the Stars, and Moon, out do;
 Such furious Light thy Eyes do give,
 Noon-Sun appears Diminutive;
 How then shall humble I approach
 Thy slender Wast to grasp, thy Coral Lips to
 Doubtless I can't, unless thy Will touch?
 Consent my Wishes to fulfill;
 To Morrow, then I'll come to know,
 Whether I'm happy, ay, or no;
 And if you Love, I Love my Fate,
 If not you me, I it do hate,
 My Joys you then postpone, my Death you }
 Antidate.

The Squire having vented his Passion in
 this ridiculous Fustian, after several Times
 Reading, and an entire Approbation, sends it
 to his Mistress, with a great deal of Satisfaction,
 not doubting to find his Account in the Pains
 he had taken. *Melissa* receives the Letter with
 an infinite Pleasure, as giving her hopes to
 gratify her Vanity, and make her, as she
 thought, compleatly happy; she returns the
 Squire such an Answer as is consistent with
 her Cunning, and his Folly, and cajoles old
 Time for bringing too slowly the succeeding
 Day. After a tedious Expectation, the Lover
 comes with the Pride of all his Train. *Melissa*
 is so transported with the Neighing and Prancing
 of the Fiery Steeds, that in the idle
 Rapture of her Mind, she's like to run out
 regardless of her Lover, and bid them wel-
 come;

ome; but she composes herself, when the
quire approaches, and makes his Court;
e tells her of Flames, Darts, Racks, and
Tortures, and sums up as many different ways
f painning him, as the most witty Tyrant cou'd
vent; her Eyes have Inchantment, her
Tongue Magick, and no Feature, but claims
rom the Squire its share of Bombast. The
ady blames him for lavishing so fine a Wit on
er inferiour Beauty, and accuses him of en-
eavouring to ensnare an humble Mind, who,
no' charm'd with his Conversation, has not
anity enough to hope for his Love: At this the
quire adds Vows and Oaths, swears to lay
is Fortune at her Feet, and to convince her
f his Sincerity, offers to make her a confi-
erable Settlement, and marry her when she
leases; she promises her Answer at the next
isit, and for this time they part. Now Me-
ss's Mind is toss'd with various Passions; she
onsiders her Lover with Derision and Con-
empt; she despises his Person and Clownish
behaviour; nauseates his pretended Wit and
Gallantry; and can scarce pardon herself the
in of praising, what in her Heart she loath'd.
Again she considers his vast Estate, the Gay
pppearance she shall make in the Town, how
many that now think themselves above her,
she shall out-shine; and the Jointure the fond
Coxcomb offers to settle: These Considerati-
ons hush all her former Resentments, and
quench every spark of Generosity in her mind,
he resolves to continue what Nature made
I her,

her, and not quit her Avarice of Vanity, but indulge those Favourite Passions at all adventures. In short, the Squire receives her Consent, the Settlement is Seal'd, and the Marriage Solemniz'd; the Squire thinking this unusual dispatch, owing to his matchless Address, and irresistible Poetry; and the Lady very well pleas'd to find her good management had procur'd her a Match so much above her Fortune. And now who would not envy this happy Pair? Can any thing interrupt their Bliss? The inconstant Goddess seems to confess them out of her Power, and Peace and Plenty must daily attend 'em: But see the adverse turns of Life, and the uncertainty of Humane Felicity; the wretched miserable Temper, so fix'd in the Nature of the *Clodpates*, breaks out in our Bridegroom amidst all his Pride and Splendor; each Day presents his Bride with some new Instance of her Unhappiness, and his Baseness. She now repents, too late, her Ambitious aim, and must atone for her Fault, by spending her whole Life in servitude to the Man she Hates and Despises.

The *Lions* Nature will be still the same,
And the fierce *Panther* none can truly tame.

After he had finish'd his Relation of the Squire: To night, added he, we would have entertain'd our selves an Hour or two at the Assembly of the *Abigails*, but I hear the mee

meet no more. Who are those *Abigails*, said
 I? They are the Ladies Women, answer'd he,
 that meet and prostitute themselves every *Thurs-*
day Night, and Feast themselves amongst the
 Journeymen and Apprentices, with Cakes and
 Ale; but admit none of their Sex into the So-
 ciety, but those, who wear *Furbelow'd*
Scarves.

Upon an ABIGAIL.

ABBY's a mett'l'd Jade, all Air and Fire,
 As Merry as a Man can well desire:
 She takes delight to Laugh, Play, Dance, or Sing,
 Will Kifs, Hug, Promise, nay, Do any Thing.
 To any Game at Cards she'll not say nay,
 But *Laugh and Lye down* is her common Play;
 At *Draughts* or *Tables* she'll engage with any,
 Only she's apt to bear a Man too many.
 At *Bowls* she beats all Gamesters, Young and
 Provided always they the Rubbers hold; (Old,
 And tho' they still play on, she'll change their
 (Gold.)

We now went to a Publick-house, to toss off
 a Tankard of the Quintessence of Pale Malt
 for a Mornings Draught, and who shou'd I
 meet with there, but a Reverend Divine, hold-
 ing up both his hands at the Bar (a Privilege
 not allow'd every Criminal) wherein sat Mrs.
Justice Draff-Tub, with as much Concern and
 Horror in his Countenance, as tho' he had Stole
 so many Sheep, and *Cacus* like, dragg'd'em off

the Premises by their Tails; or by Chance rid away with another Man's Horse. Seeing the Pinacle of the Church in this Distress, I immediately accosted him, after this manner: Well, Doctor, what Faults have you committed now, you're call'd *coram Nobis*? Is it for saying your Prayers? As I was going to rally him for appearing in this pickle, to the great discredit of the Cloth, he turns about, and with a deep Groan, as if his little World suffer'd an Earthquake, told me he had wrong'd no Body, but was injur'd himself, and that Place, I look'd upon a Court of Justice, was *Cupid's Room of Audience*, where he was suing for a Redress against Mrs. *Drass-Tub*, whom he assur'd me, I falsely took for *Madam de Justice*: His Accusation against her was, She had stole an Arrow out of *Cupid's Quiver*, while he was asleep, for He verily believ'd she had none of her own, and darted it with such violence at him, it enter'd at one end of his Heart, and came out at the other. Pray, says I, Sir, if that be the Case, that your Heart is Wounded, ne'er stand parling any longer, come along with me, and I'll give you a *Stiptick*, that shall quickly stop the Bleeding on't; upon which we withdrew into a back Room, where I produc'd a Microscope, and shew'd him the Girl's Face in a true Light, which appear'd to be as rough as a Bears Arse, or the *Snowy Alps*: But the poor Gentleman, who takes all unlucky Chances patiently, answer'd in a dying accent, if she be a *Mountain, parturient Montes*. By this Time the

Audience being over, the Parson call'd for his Tankard, as well as he cou'd speak, and throws it down into his wounded Heart, without so much as e'er saying Grace. Seeing so sudden an alteration in the Man, as I thought for the better, I ask'd my Friend whether this was usual? He told me 'twas his way always to drink plentifully at this House; that if 'twas his misfortune to be troubled with the Girl, he might have the better Portion; which Contrivance to raise a Fortune, flung me into such a fit of Laughter, I was forc'd to pay my Reckoning, bid him adieu, and quit the House.

I went to my Lodgings, and stir'd not out till my Friend call'd me in the Evening to see a Play. We immediately repair'd to the Rendezvous of Jilts, Whores, and Sharpers, which was as thin at our entrance as a *Saturdays* Change; but before we had eaten a Pennyworth of Gingerbread, it was so crouded, with the ungrateful *olfactions* of Putrid Bodies, and *Turpentine* Belches, frequently visiting our Nostrils, were so odious, ungrateful, and nauseous, the emptying a Bog-house cou'd not have surpriz'd our smell with a more intolerable Nosegay. We shou'd have been oblig'd to have abandon'd our Places; but that I was desirous to make a nice Inspection into the Pumps and Vanities of this wicked World.

We sat not long before the Musick entertain'd us with a Flourish, the Curtain was Drawn, and the strutting Actors commenc'd their Foolery. I was extremely satisfy'd with
their

their Performances; for every Thing was Acted to such a perfection of Uncouthness, that had so many *Dicks* and *Dolls*, as are sold at the *French Shop* i'th' *Minster Yard*, been Cloth'd and qualified with Speech, we cou'd not have Laught more heartily at their preposterous, awkward Imitation; every one looking, notwithstanding his Garb, like what he really was, and not what he represented.

Rowling my Eyes about, I spy'd a Brisk, Airy, Gay young Spark, on my Left hand, who in Finery and Foppery out-did all the Beaus there. I ask'd my Friend who he was? He told me, one whose Father, Mother, and Sister were dead, and had left him some Pence, which so elevated the poor Man, he got three or four pair of Stairs high in *Cunney-Court* in *Gray's-Inn*, where he over-look'd all the Petty-foggers below him; and finding the Lying Trade would not answer long, having not Brains enough to lay them close together, he resolves to take his Fortune and venture upon the Main, and accordingly with what he had, he Freights out the *Royal Sovereign*, which then lay in *Catharine-street*, and the Wind blowing *North-East*, set Sail; after Sailing many Days in a Boisterous Sea, he arrives at the *Cape of Good Hope*, where he unloaded his Cargo, and took in fresh; returning again, he fell into a Squadron of *Dutch Fireships*, where, if he had not had Sea-room, been well Mann'd, and had a good Sailor, he must have fallen a Prey to the Sharks. But *Venus*, under whose protection

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he Royal Sovereign is, espous'd his Cause, and brought him, his Vessel, and all his Cargo safe to Shore, with the loss only of a Boultsplit, where he made a safe Return of his Goods, and as got enough to maintain himself in the Splendour you now see him, can frequent the Assembly every *Monday* Night, and a Play when there is one Acted.

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That jolly wide-mouth Chanter next to him, says my Friend, tho' in a Layman's Habit, is a Convert from a Lawyer to a Petty Canon, who descended from the great *Bez.* of the Temple, and deserted him on account of his Harmonious and well Tun'd Pipes, being no ways agreeable to those of the Father, who was not only of a much Louder and Baser Note: But a meer Clodpate; as his Pots, Pans, and Laboratory Apartment certifie: They were Trencher men alike, and if sufficient Provender for two such immense Carcasses was provided, there was a Harmony and true Concord between them, but in another Respect; for at *Colebrook*, a Shoulder of Mutton, a Goose, and an Apple-pye, would not satisfy their craving Stomachs for a Breakfast, in their way to the Election of the Scholars at *Eaton-College*, four Miles farther, where there was prepared an ample Feast, and the poor Man *John* like a starv'd Creature had but the Bones to pick.



Singing

Singing Mens Character.

Singing Men are a Bad Society, and yet a Company of Good Fellows, that Roar deep in the Quire and deeper in the Tavern; they are the Eight Parts of Speech which go to the Syntax of Service, and are distinguished like Bells by their Noise, for they make not a Confort but a Peal; their Pastime or Recreation is Prayers, their exercise Guzzling and Drinking, yet herein so Religiously addicted, they serve God ofteneft when they are Drunk; their Humanity is a Leg to the Residencer, for they commonly learn it before they read it; yet the old *Hebrew* Names are little beholden to 'em, for they mis-call 'em worse than one another. Tho' they never expound the Scripture, they handle it much, and polute the Gospel with two things, their Conversation and their Thumbs. Upon Work-days they behave themselves at Prayers, as at their Pots, for they swallow them down in a Instant. Their Gowns are Lac'd commonly with streamings of Ale, or superfluities of a Cup, or Throat above Measure. Their Skill in Melody, makes 'em the better Companions Abroad, and their Anthems better qualified to sing Catches. Long liv'd for the most part they are not, especially the Base, they overflow their Bank so often to drown the Organs. If they escape Arresting, they Die constantly in God's Service, and so take their Death with more Patience: They have Wine and Cakes at their Funeral; and now they keep the Church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their Bones as before with their Noise.

Thus my Good, Honest, Plain, *Yorkshire* Boys, I've said what I know, and must now take my leave of you in the same Note that *Jack Pudding* does at Puppit Show, of his silly gazing Crew——Please or not pleas'd, you cannot have your Money again.